



The Hangover, part XXIV



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Chapter 1 by Aidan Kaye

Crusty brightness greeted me as I rose to the sounds of seagulls overhead. A clouded stupor glazed over me as the sun shone down clear as day, and the pounding in my head gave away the night's activities. Again. As I adjusted to my surroundings, I couldn't immediately recall where I lay, or how I got here.

As I quickly rose, my nerves quickly jolted me as I realized I was sleeping on concrete. Outside of the second floor of a seedy hotel, I instinctively searched my person for any of my possessions. No phone. Just a wallet, but no room key. Maybe I had left it in the hotel and passed out in a drunken stupor? It was a reach, but plausible. I just had to find a way in.

Trying the doors were no use. No one home. Then it dawned on me that I was at the wrong hotel.

"What the hell happened last night?" I groaned in a pained whisper.

Write a draft for chapter 2 of 8

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